

by Alfrey-[chan13](#)

Summary: An aftermath of everything. Aoko gets hurt amidst the fight and Kaito has finally gotten a hold on Pandora. Chapter 2 will be up in a few days.

**I don't know where to start. Okay, I'll start with this. I LITERALLY FELL IN LOVE WITH GALILEO GALILEI'S ARASHI NO ATODE. The song is so soothing. It fits Magic Kaito, though Koi no Jumyo is fine too. You guys should listen to it. Anyways, here's a story I wrote today. I got the plot idea from the song, because it's so damn goooood. It doesn't really relate to the lyrics, but the idea was made from there, added with a little twist to it that can relate to the plot of Magic Kaito. Now, onwards with the story! I hope you'll like it! **

I was surrounded by the dark. It was all pitch black. There were no windows to let the moonlight shine the empty darkness from where I am. It was just me and the black all around. I couldn't see what was in front of me. I couldn't see who was with me inside the building. My eyes later then adjusted to the darkness and I can see what was folded in front of me.

The white soles of my shoes began moving to somewhere. The heavy cemented floor came in contact with every strength I had just so I can walk. I wasn't sure where I was heading to, but I let my feet do the walking; I was too tired to argue with myself, and I could feel pain on one side of my head. I staggered upon the broken tables, chairs, and glass, my palms holding on top of them so I can balance myself.

My eyes skimmed around, looking for familiar faces and people who were still in the light of consciousness. Numerous bodies of uniformed black, blue, and gray lay motionless, breathless. I shuddered a bit, the sight was very chaotic. I couldn't look away at the damage I've caused.

But it was still too dark. I couldn't see properly. I glanced around again before seeing a ruined curtain. I presumed to open it, and the illuminous light of the full moon came inside, giving the darkness a gloomy glow.

I continue to move. Lifting heads up and checking pulses was what I can do at the moment. I checked if someone was still alive. I was yearning to know if someone, at least someone, had survived the fight. But no, they were all gone. I shuddered again. What if this person lying on the cold, hard ground was me?

Meters away from me, I can hear a moan. It was so far, yet it sounded so close. I was relieved to have known that I wasn't the only who was still alive. The person gave out another moan, albeit it was louder than the first. It sounded so familiar, so feminine, so Aoko. I gasped.

Aoko!

I hurriedly came to my senses and started looking for her. I searched desperately to seek her being that was buried deep within the havoc. I didn't want to stop my feet from pausing, her safety is what all matters to me. I wanted to see her. I wanted to feel her. I need to know she is safe.

Then, I see her. She was lying on the ground, her blue shirt ripped to shreds, her pale white skin were covered in bruises and scars, the white shorts she wore were dirty and stained with red. I can see the bluest of all the blue in her eyes looking at me. Staring down at the souls of me with pain, anguish, and agony. She looked so hurt, but I can see she's trying to be strong.

"Nakamori      san!" I shout, my voice echoing beyond the corners of the room. I didn't say her name: it would be too obvious. Kid saying Aoko's name would sound just like Kaito saying Aoko's name.

She pulled herself up, her arms shaky and weak as she hoisted herself with all she can. I rushed to her side and assisted her.

"What is it, Kid?" she murmured. I hear annoyance and sarcasm as she spoke, but the tiredness and pain was still so evident. I knew she was trying to tease me in a way, but I didn't have time for games. I looked at her torso and saw blood oozing out, staining the shirt that covered her chest and stomach. The red slowly creeping out from her body, ready to drain her from life's fountain. I reeled in with shock.

"You're bleeding!" I stated the obvious. She rolled her eyes at my stupidity. I couldn't help it. I was taken aback. Aoko was never too low to get herself wounded, let alone injured. She was as strong as a truck can take on a million cars. Ripping her shirt, she slowly covered her wound to prevent more blood from coming out.

"I can see that." She muttered, her slim fingers going around her

stomach to stop the bleeding. I helped her, ripping my own jacket to help cover it some more. I didn't care about the suit being torn into shreds, Aoko needed help.

"Are you ok?"

Struggling to get up on her feet, she scowled at me. She was probably thinking why I was asking these questions, which really state the obvious, but I just wanted to be sure. The eyes may see, but the words confirm.

"Clearly my right stomach is bleeding. So yeah, I'm fine." Gritting her teeth, she stood up. Trails of blood from her stomach crawled to her legs. Every drip of crimson liquid from her body was starting to drain out of her. It was coming out really fast. I ripped my jacket again and wrapped another layer of cloth around her wound. I examined her slightly exposed stomach carefully. The skin was as pale as white, and her breaths were becoming short and fast. I tightened the knot, making her wince.

"Sorry." She waved me off and began to walk away, maybe going to the nearest exit. I can see she was struggling, so I hastily went to her side, wrapped one of her arms around my shoulder while I wrapped mine onto her waist. I felt her stiffen a bit. Her muscles contracting into a frozen like manner before melting into my touch. She gazed at me, her soft eyes looking at my masked blue ones, a thousand emotions rushing and colliding back and forth.

"We need to get out and get you some help. You're bleeding quite fast, Nakamori â€" san." She nodded her head once, then we picked up our paces. Our legs moving as swiftly as we could to the exit.

. . .

Every once in a while I would glance down at Aoko to see how she was doing. Since I wasn't quite affected by the fight earlier, I knew perfectly well that I can manage throughout the walk. But as time goes by, I can feel myself lose the energy as well. I began to pant, my lungs desperate for a chunk of air to come in. Beads of sweat trickled down from my forehead down to my neck. I glance at Aoko again; she looks as if she were to pass out on the floor any minute now.

"Hang in there, Nakamori â€" san! We're almost there." I assured her, wondering to myself if what I said was true. I wasn't familiar with the building we were in, but I can feel it. I can feel the exit nearby. She bobbed her head down once. I was nearly in panic. She was getting weaker and weaker. I picked her up and carried her bridal â€" style. She was so light and small as I carried her. My heart did a backflip inside my chest. I encircled my arms around her small frame and clutched her close to me.

Her eyes were closed by now; one flutter of shutting out the life all around her. She was unconscious. She was losing blood fast. A train of my own emotions came crashing towards me. I wasn't sure if I was worried or scared or mad or anything at all. The mask I always wore began to break against my own will. I placed my lips near her ear, my breath slow and steady as I whispered into her lobe.

"I'm so sorry for everything that's happened to you, Aoko."

patient has to stay at hospital for a few days. It was always like that with hospitals, which is why I hate them. I hate how they bring worry to the people around you. I hate how they cost so much. I hate how it emanates a feeling sorrow and emptiness to the people that steps foot inside its premises.

But that's the thing. No matter how much I hate them, I still like them for some reason. Though, I'm not talking about the building itself, I'm talking about how it helps you get cured. The nurses there are nice, and I like the visits people make just so they can see how I'm doing.

Speaking of people, my dad is here with me, sitting on a plastic chair, his eyes worrisome and in pain. I always assure him I'll be fine. Putting on a smile in my face, I reassure him that I will get through this. He nods in reply, but I can still see how worried he was. And I can't blame him.

The task force came to pay me a visit as well. Dad didn't seem to care as he always stays seated on the chair, holding my hand for dear life or staring out the window, a distant look present in his eyes.

My friends visit me from time to time. They bring me flowers or food as they visit. It was nice having to talk to them. It brings me joy on the inside, though, it still feels as if something was missing. I was fully aware of what was missing. The person who can always make me complete hasn't paid me a visit yet, and I'm starting to worry he might have forgotten about me or is not aware I was at the hospital.

. . .

For the past week, I expected for Kaito to come. It didn't matter what time he'll be here " evening, midnight, dawn or late morning. I wanted him to come and see me. I wanted him to check up on me. I wanted to see him all worried about my being. I wanted him beside me as I lay on the hospital bed clipped on all different kinds of wires, him sitting down on a chair while he tries to make me laugh.

I waited for him, but he never came.

. . .

For whatever reason, I was mad at him. Being his childhood best friend, I knew Kaito would visit me. Even if I was at home doing homework and such, he'd barge in as if it were his home and start annoying me. Kaito wouldn't be that stupid to not pay me a visit.

I waited and waited, but he still wasn't here. I grew impatient. I scowled deeply. What kind of best friend is he?

. . .

The day has finally come for me to get out of the dreaded hospital. All the wires were disconnected from my skin, and I never felt freer than ever. I put on a smile. I was finally coming home.

. . .

It was night fall already. A day had passed since I came home, and I was glad to be back. Jii " chan paid me a visit last night. Seeing his white hair and wrinkled skin made me twist in happiness. I liked his company. As he stood by the door carrying some of my favorite snacks, I smiled. I glanced at the open at the other side of the door from where he was standing. I can see his car, but I don't see Kaito.

"Where's Kaito, Jii " chan?" I questioned him, furious at the thought that Kaito still hasn't come, even if I was at home already. His house was just a walking distance from where mine stood. He can't possibly be that lazy to come and walk to my place.

Placing the goods on the table, sweat poured down from his forehead. I tilted my head to one side, carefully observing the old man. He looked very nervous, and he kept biting his lip. I frowned. Something must have happened to him. And by him, I mean my stupid best friend Kaito. Jii " chan gave me a nervous chuckle and an uneasy smile.

"He's off to somewhere, Aoko " chan. He'll be back soon enough."

. . .

It was raining hard. The falling rain sounded like the pitter " patter of children. Every drop came in contact with the rooftops, giving out a light thud once they hit the surface. The sky was gray and covered with dark clouds. Everything was covered in the wetness of the rain. The atmosphere was very gloomy, and I couldn't help but blend in with the rain.

I stare out from my glass door connected to my porch. I look out beyond the clouds of gray, searching for the sunlight that can perhaps disseminate the feeling inside me. I was sad, angry, and somewhat depressed. I glance down at the room of where Kaito lays and sleeps. It was dark as well. There was no sign of him inside his room or his house at all. I clench my fists, angry tears rolling down my cheeks.

Where did the idiot go to?

Was this place of his destination more important than me?

Was he even aware I was at the hospital, laying sickly on the hard hospital bed, with the wires connected to me just so I can live?

Was he sentient to the thought I nearly died of blood loss?

I bite back a sob. The murmuring sounds of my tears echoed all around my room with such despair. I banged my fist on the glass lightly, my forehead in contact with the smooth surface of the crystal door. It was hard not to keep myself from crying hard, but eventually, it passed on. I started to cry, the bitter tears grazing my cheeks faster than a murderer being caught and sent to jail. I was so angry at him.

Why did he go?

Is he really that selfish?

This went on for how many minutes. I couldn't stop my tears from falling. Just as before I can feel another sob coming on, a light thud sounded. It sounded heavier than the raindrops from outside. I look up at my porch and see a white figure standing there.

I open the door, but my feet were still intact to the floor inside my room. I didn't go outside, but my thoughts were much farther from my room than what my eyes can see. I stared at Kid, and he stared back. I knew he was aware of the tiny trails on my cheeks " he proceeded to wipe them off. I froze as his gloved hand came in contact with my skin. It felt cold and soft against my cheek. I continued to stare at him. He held no expression, then, he smirked his famous mischievous smirk.

[illegible]

End
file.